

June 20, 1944

Hi darling,

Not one hour after writing you that last letter telling how nicely we were set-up and dug-in, and how nice it would be to get a little rest & quiet - etc., the word came through that we were moving again! So the old pack, wait, ride, and then dig regime set in again. We've come up several miles, as the front advanced rapidly as you know from the papers. We're again set-up for business, but not much has happened as yet. Today I spent in the approved G-I fasion. Had a shave, sponge bath, haircut, and am now waiting to get at the washing machine so I can get a little laundry done - and boy do I need it! Normandy is composed of dust and mud, in varying amounts, depending on the weather. In spite of our irregular working hours, lack of sleep, and living conditions, we have all remained exceedingly healthy. I've lost completely the sinusitis I had in the U.K. and feel like a million dollars. I find very little to gripe about - if things continue unbusy for another 12 hours, I'll get caught up on sleep and then everything will be hunky-dory indeed.

Have been attempting, each occasion I get, to brush up on my French & German conversation, but have not had time to accomplish much along those lines as yet.

Remember how I used to rail and rant at the work-dodgers, the gold-brickers, and malingerers we saw so much of at my last post in the U.S.? Well, we see an equal amount of the other side of the picture over here. Some of the units we have supported are composed of the cream of our fighting men - with courage and know-how, and a calm stoical determination. Their insight into their purpose in this war far exceeds that of the boys over there. The whine of a shell and the whoosh of the rockets coming your way makes the boys think things out a little, I reckon.

Things are going well with me, dear,- I wish I knew that they were with you too.

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H

P.S. You are showing these letters to Pop, I hope, and keeping him informed of the progress of things, as I don't have much time to write, and must do it in odd moments.